

Do Good

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Do Good

by [sourweather](#)

Summary

Adam always does what his dom tells him to do. This is no exception.

Inspired by a tweet about the delight that is a Sub Topping <3

Notes

if you like these threads, consider following me on Twitter at Sourweather! I promise I have some more standard fics coming soon, I've just been making these threads between working on a BIG one-shot and preparing for the valentines contest!

Adam is a good sub. He's responsive, he's attentive, and most importantly he always does as he's told. It's good for him- he gets so overwhelmed by the stress of daily life, he needs someone to take control from time to time. No worries about making decisions or trying to guess at what someone wants from him, just Nigel telling him exactly what to do and praising him when he does it. And he gets the release of an orgasm from it, which always puts him in a better mood.

So yeah, Adam's a good sub. A great fucking sub. Usually when Nigel takes control he rides Adam, pinning his wrists and working him hard until the sweet thing is whimpering and whining and begging his little heart out. Sometimes he bends Adam over and pegs him. That always pulls some beautiful fucking noises out of him. Took some getting used to but Nigel can make him cum without touching Adam's cock now, and that feels pretty fucking good.

Today, though, Nigel wants something that he doesn't usually get. Adam came home frustrated and in need of guidance. Poor angel hadn't even spoken when he came home. Just set down his bag, took off his clothes, and kneeled at Nigel's feet. But truth be told Nigel had a tough day, too, and he really didn't feel up to teasing Adam to hell and back or doing all the work tonight.

He looks down at Adam. His eyes are glued to the rug, his head bowed. His posture is straight but he's strung so tight Nigel's worried he might snap. He's trembling.

"Hey, baby."

Adam ducks further, like he wants to just lie on the floor until he feels better.

"Look at me."

Adam obeys. Mostly. His pretty blue eyes land on the scar on Nigel's forehead, that's close enough. This is supposed to be fun for Adam, after all. Cathartic. Nigel wouldn't dream of forcing Adam to make eye contact if he doesn't want to.

Nigel smiles. He reaches out and strokes through Adam's curls, the younger man sighing happily at the small offering of affection.

"You wanna do something for me?" Nigel asks, and Adam nods.

"Use your words, baby."

"Y-yes, Nigel. What can I do?"

Nigel's hand leaves Adam's hair and moves to cup his face. Adam presses against it.

"I want you to fuck me."

Adam's eyes go wide.

"You can do that for me, can't you Adam? Fuck me nice and hard?"

He swallows, clearly considering for a moment before setting his jaw, squaring his shoulder, and nodding sharply. "Yes sir, I can."

Nigel makes quick work of getting undressed and pulling Adam into bed. He gives Adam directions. Easy things. 'Kiss me, Adam' 'Yes, Nigel'. 'Touch me, Adam' 'Whatever you say, Nigel'. 'Go fetch a condom for me, Adam' 'Yes, sir.' Easy tasks that are easily obeyed. The tension seems to melt from Adam's shoulders more and more every time Nigel says 'Good. Very good.'

By the time Adam is kneeling between Nigel's spread thighs, he's hard and eager. God, he's fucking perfect.

"You're beautiful, baby."

Adam's blush spreads from the tips of his ears to his chest by now. He shifts desperately. "Thank you, sir."

Nigel hooks a leg around Adam's waist, urging him closer. "Come on, then. Make me see stars."

Adam bites his lip. His cock twitches. Fuck, it's big. How does a kid get to be so sweet, walking around with a dick like that? If Nigel was that hung it would've ruined him.

When he speaks, it's so soft that Nigel barely hears it.

"I'll try my best, Daddy."

Nigel groans. Adam's never called him that before, but fuck, he can certainly fucking do it again.

"Yeah? Gonna fuck Daddy?"

Adam looks conflicted. Aroused and annoyed at once. "Nigel, please don't make fun of me—"

Nigel takes him by the jaw, grips it tight. "You want me to be your Daddy, Adam?"

He's always been an awful liar.

"Y-yes. I do."

He pulls Adam closer, until the head of his cock is nudging Nigel's wet entrance.

"Then be a good boy and do what Daddy says."

Adam's blush darkens, but he finally slides in, his long lashes fluttering as he sinks into Nigel.

"You...You're so tight, Daddy."

"Fuck!" This boy is going to be the death of him, talking like that while his cock presses against all the spots that make Nigel drool.

Adam starts to move. It's a slow, deep rhythm but it has Adam panting into Nigel's mouth between sloppy kisses.

"You can fuck me harder than that, can't you?" Nigel prods, and Adam moans. He picks up the pace, making an effort to aim for Nigel's G-spot when he thrusts, and Nigel throws his head back.

"Good boy," he groans. "That's Daddy's good boy."

It isn't long before Nigel feels his orgasm creeping up on him. Adam is fucking him with abandon now, clutching hard at Nigel's thighs and snapping his hips and whining like it hurts. Nigel forces a hand between their bodies, places a finger on either side of his clit, and lets Adam's motions do the work. He moans low in his throat, rocking to meet Adam's thrusts and cursing under his breath.

Adam's hand gently bats away his fingers, putting his own in their place.

"D-do you want me to make you come, Daddy?"

Well, it won't take long with Adam talking like that. "Yeah, baby."

Adam barely slows his pace, still thrusting hard as he circles the base of his clit. He watches how Nigel arches from the sheets, writhing in pleasure, and still has the fucking nerve to shyly pant "Does it feel good, Daddy?"

That does it. Nigel's hips buck, pressing as close as he can. He's dully aware that he's moaning so loud the neighbors will hear. "Good boy, fuck, you're so fucking amazing, Adam. So good. So fucking good."

When he finally comes back to this fucking planet, Adam is biting his shoulder. He's shaking, still buried to the root, whining like a wounded animal. Nigel's about to call time out and check on him when Adam releases his mouthful and speaks.

"Daddy," he whispers. "Daddy, please."

He jolts a little every time Nigel clenches around him, but he stays obediently inside.

"Go ahead, baby, you've earned it. Come for Daddy."

Adam moans, a sweet, high little thing, and delivers a few graceless, needy thrusts before he's coming, crying out and trembling from head to toe. He's adorable.

Nigel talks him through it, mumbling praises to him once Adam collapses on top of him. He pets Adam's curls as they both catch their breath. After a moment, Adam breaks the silence.

"Did I do good...Daddy?"

Nigel smiles. Kisses his sweaty curls. "Yeah, baby. Yeah, you did real good."

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